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Original Novelet.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857,
by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER V.

Ruth Hallowell sat meditating. By the light of a fainting candle in her cavern cell she had been reading these lines from the book placed in her hands the night before by Spitfire:

"I grieve that sounds will lie and tell,
That odors will be wafted by—
That all fair sights will live, and all—
All shall abide, but I must die!"

And from the problem of Death she had passed to that of Life, till her heart "grew sad as sad can be." The volume was new to her. It was a collection of fugitive poems on all subjects, but evidently carefully selected for their pervading purity of expression and sentiment. Occasionally the girl encountered one that made her draw in her breath, from the very oppressiveness of its passion and pride. Of such a class was the following. She read it with eager, flashing eyes. It seemed to be the language of her own heart—

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.*

"I said to sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—you'll destroy this form
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted by your woes,
With undaunted eye

"I said to Peony's meagre train,
Come on—your threats I have;
My last, poor life—drop yes may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

"I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pew me—I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high born smile.

"I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep—my heart shall bear;
Thou art bitter—bitter we
To those already there;
And still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress;

"This last severe distress;
Small smile upon its keenest pains
And soon redress.

"I said to Death's splitted dart,
Aim sure—oh, why delay?
Then will not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit firm and free,
Triumphant in the last glimmer,
Wapt in its own beauty,
Shall, smiling, pass away!"

The last word died away before Ruth was aware that she had been, in her enthusiasm, reading the poem aloud! She had forgotten everything, even her own identity, and thus rightfully interpreted, all the passion, the despair of the poem wailed unconsciously from her lips. She was startled into self again by fearing these words uttered close at her side,

"What is that? May I look at it a moment?" and a hand was extended, till it touched, half impatiently, the book. Looking up in astonishment, Ruth saw the stranger standing timidly before her. She drew back in some alarm, proffering the volume, which he took, and quietly withdrew again to his bed of straw. It was the first time he had directly spoken to her.

Disappointed, irritated, at being thus basely deprived of her new found treasure, yet still, she knew not why, glad that the poem found appreciation in another beside herself.

Ruth sat down in a corner of the cell floor, with her elbows resting on her knees, and her eyes gleaming like coals of fire, resolutely set herself to watch this man's face, as he read. She could not but acknowledge to herself as she did so, that he who appreciates a fine sentiment in literature, is next in rank to its originator.

Alternating on his pale, haggard face, she admiration and surprise, as he perused each additional verse of the poem.

"Grand!" she heard him murmur, as he leisurely turned the leaves of the volume after third and fourth perusal.

Ruth could not help it. She knew her opinion were not demanded; she knew he was now even aware of her presence, but from obscure corner she put forth, smilingly, words—

"I think so, too! It is sublime—it is a dead grain of actual poetry. I think so!"

"You! You think so?" He seemed suddenly to awaken. He turned around and looked at her keenly, and the labor-swollen hands supporting her head, and the bare feet appearing from under her coarse, faded, cotton dress, were items in the observation that did not escape attention. "You!" he repeated, not quite a slightly contemptuous accent, "and you who are you?"

Indeedly the impatient stamp of one of the red feet before-mentioned, denoted accu-

rately the state of mind in which its owner received this speech.

"Who am I?" she said, in a tone of frigid irritation "I am—I am—myself!"

"Thank you for the information. I should not have suspected the fact, I assure you."

And he turned grimly to the book again.

"Is this yours?" he inquired, at length.

"Yes. Give it to me." She reached out her hand haughtily—the blood of rising anger colored even the extremities of her fingers, but her face was in no way indicative of wrath, other than in its cold, inanimate repose.

He did not rise, but indolently pushed the volume towards her on the floor, with the words,

"There it is,—thank you."

The man seemed to have the faculty of arousing evil in the breast of this young girl. This action made her cheeks burn with new displeasure.

"You shall bring it to me!" she cried, passionately. "I will not take it from you, no!"

Jem Hallowell, who, at one side, was carving with his pocket knife, a toy from a piece of wood, now looked up and said,

"My stars, what a temper!" and concluded with a whistle that was more aggravating to his sister's feelings than all that had gone before.

Spurting the book with her feet, she passed quickly into the other room, where, casting herself on the various bales of goods with which it was strewn, she wept tears of anger, bitterness, and self-contumacy.

It was not long before she knew some one was entering the apartment, and as she felt the book placed in her passive hands, she heard these words spoken:

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And so it was arranged that for an hour or so every morning, Ruth should have the privilege of walking in the cavern, within, however, some certain limits, which were designated by Mesh Williams himself. The very next day Ruth availed herself of the permission. She was too well known—the utter integrity of her character was too familiar, to permit a doubt as to the propriety of trusting her with this partial liberty, important as might be the consequences to the smugglers should she violate her parole. Spitfire, it is true, acted somewhat like a guard, during these precious intervals of fresh air and health-restoring exercise, but it was not a constrained, officious watch, and the young girl felt almost as much at her ease as though she were conscious of none at all. In the den explorations she was thus allowed to make throughout the cave, she found that it was not as extensive by far, as she had previously imagined it to be. Spitfire, meanwhile, took all precautions to keep her from local discoveries, that would have resulted in further unpleasantness between her and the smugglers, and though Ruth had of course her suspicions as to the existence in the cavern of various places of concealment for contraband cargoes, she held her peace, and sought no vain knowledge.

Grateful for the little liberty she already enjoyed, the idea of risking it for curiosity's sake, was not to be entertained. She had a wild exhilarating pleasure in wandering at her leisure up and down those white sands, in climbing the steep precipitous sides of the cave, and perching herself, like a mountain goat, on some ledge, overhanging crag, to look down upon the picturesque abyss from which she had just descended. By this means, too, she discovered many curious antique shells which had probably lain there for centuries, unnoticed and unsought for by the frequenters of the cave. She gathered whole handfuls of them, in time, and preserved them carefully in her own room, that she might take them with her when she returned to the light, as mementoes of her strange adventure, and of her sojourn in this subterranean place. Some of them should be for her sister Sonora, that sister who was perhaps even now occupying her place at the lighthouse, fulfilling her duties and sustaining her aged parents under the trial of the involuntary absence of two of their children. Her sister! her own sister! the thought was pleasant. She tried to imagine what she must look like—and in her frequent moments of idleness, quite fashioned Sonora into a heroine, who, having become suffused with the ways of the world and of society, was now come, just at the opportune moment to enlighten herself as to their peculiarities and elegancies—she who so longed, so thirsted for such knowledge! She speculated many and many a weary hour away over the probable cause of this cherished sister's return to Lighthouse Island. Was she unhappy? Had her adopted mother abused the trust confided in her? Or was it merely the result of a desire to revisit the home of her childhood? Alas, she could not believe that, for well she remembered that Sonora, as well as herself, had suffered bitter privations in youth, hardships infinitely greater than those she had endured alone after her sister's departure. John Hallowell's circumstances being altogether more straitened than, then, now, because he had since received an increase in his salary as an officer of the government. What, then, had occasioned Sonora Hallowell to venture on this step? Ruth could but wonder in silence, fearing, as she hoped, and rejoicing as she doubted. Sonora was coming! That was enough.

One morning Ruth was walking rapidly up and down the cave, at that part where the door of her own room opened into it. She had left it unfastened, that a free current of air might enter to purify its stagnated atmosphere, and Spitfire, from some occupation within the chamber, over now and then called to her as she passed. Presently Ruth began singing snatches of songs, modulating one into another with an untutored, wild skill, that even to experienced listeners would not have been without its charm; embryo talents having always an attractive freshness.

Drawn by the sounds, Spitfire advanced from the little room, and knitting in hand, seated herself on the rocks, now and then looking up at her young companion as she paced back and forth before her. Once, grinning with a smile, when a quaint ditty more familiar to her than the rest, struck her attention, Spitfire requested a repetition of "that air jolly one," and Ruth thus made aware of her presence, very smugly complied. Her voice was not a remarkable one, and it had little about it to excite admiration, excepting a certain quality of freshness, which musicals invariably esteem agreeable. When speaking, this characteristic was even more apparent than when singing. Ruth knew nothing of music as a science, but a correct taste, a good heart and a consciousness of intellect, made her, avoid naturally, glaring errors, and accept instead a quiet, undemonstrative, but expressive method of her own. That morning, Ruth happened to be in almost wild spirits; the prospect of a speedy release, together with the exhilaration of exercise, added to the general gaiety of her disposition. She scrambled up and down the rocks—she laughed aloud at the odd effect of the reverberating echoes, and danced hither and thither like a goblin escaped from elf-land, calling the most frantic, wierdest airs she could recall to memory, and improvising to each one, rude, fantastic refrains, such as were never heard before or since. And all the while Spitfire sat by with open mouth and eyes, an appreciative spectator.

At last Ruth amused herself by climbing to an elevation much higher than the others. Perching herself on its extremity, she called laughingly and with burlesque dramatic action to Spitfire to look upward. There was no need. Spitfire had dropped her knitting, and with eyes distended to almost double their ordinary size, sat gazing at the young girl through the sort of hazy twilight that reigned perpetually in the place during the hours of the day.

"Lo, Miss Ruth, if you don't seem just like a play-actor woman, I declare!"

"Do I?" asked Ruth, with a merry laugh; "how funny! Well, now, Spitfire, this is such a capital place to stand and 'do the gestures,' that I must sing you another song—something that will surpass the others all hollow."

"That couldn't be!" said Spitfire, with some admiration. "Couldn't be, no ways, Miss Ruth. That 'ere jolly one can't be beat!"

And she shook her head dismally at the profane idea. Ruth laughed again, a long, lingering, cheerful laugh, that filled the air like sunshine.

"Well," she said, "if you don't want me to sing, I'll recite verses. How will you like that?"

"Poetry?" asked Spitfire. "First rate, Miss Ruth."

So Ruth gaily established herself in a mock-tragic position.

"I dare say you will not understand one word, Spitfire," she said, by way of prologue, "but as you will not be in that respect very different from audiences in general, I shall expect you to appear highly delighted."

"Sartain," said Spitfire, pinched, unwomanly face quite agast with wonder and admiration.

"You see these bits of shining spar; these shall be my footlights; look, I am going to place them at the edge of this little platform; so that is quite grand. Now for it!"

"Oh, wait a minute, Miss Ruth, do," cried Spitfire. "I don't know what's the master with me, but I want to larf *orful*. You won't be mad?"

"Not at all," said Ruth, stooping to rearrange her spar-footlights, "laugh as much as you choose, Spitfire!"

Spitfire, without further delay, broke into a loud, shrill burst of piping laughter, that seemed, in a measure at least, to relieve her pent-up feelings. The instant she had finished, her queer face resumed its usual gravity as she remarked coolly,

"That's all at present. Now, go ahead."

"You are quite sure you have finished, Spitfire?" asked Ruth, solemnly, "because I about to give you something excessively tragic; something, Spitfire, that will make your hair stand on end—something that—"

Mr. Ahrenfeldt raised his eyes suddenly, and looked at her curiously. Ruth's self-possession began to grow visibly less.

"You are mistaken," she remarked, still gazing at her face, "you have not forgotten it in the most remote degree."

She colored, as she exclaimed with some embarrassment,

"I have—or at least—I may—I shall forget it, if I have not altogether done so now."

"No," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, coolly, "do not believe it." Ruth never will forget that day. Remember, this is my prophecy."

"And pray," demanded Ruth, now vexed beyond control, "pray, what are you, that your prophecies should be anything to me?"

"What am I?" he sat down on the bales, and laughed quietly. "That is almost equal to the honest question, which, (if you have not forgotten that, too,) you may remember, I asked you one day. It was 'who are you?' Come! ask it of me now, and I will tell you."

"I care neither for the question nor answer."

"Why do you not add, nor for the answer either?"

"Because that is already decisively understood."

"Good! I see you are disposed to be candid, if you have an indifferent memory. Well, we will allow the question to be understood too, and although it has not been uttered, I am going to reply to it. Will you not sit down while I do so?"

"I prefer standing."

"Indeed! That is a singular preference. You will excuse me if I retain my own comfortable seat?" Well, now for the answer. However, let me inquire first if you have ever heard, by chance, perhaps, of one Sonora Hallowell?"

"Sonora?" cried Ruth, forgetting all irritation in her great surprise; "tell me what you know of her—Sonora is my sister!"

"So I have already conjectured; in fact, this morning I was certain of it."

"Have you seen her? do you know her? Tell me about her!—how strange, how very strange that is! Sonora! Is not this very very singular?"

"Very singular," replied Mr. Ahrenfeldt, calmly picking up a stick and writing on the sandy floor; "very singular, indeed!"

Ruth had advanced close beside him, but in her excitement she became totally oblivious of the proximity. Her companion was evidently too much interested in his new occupation to observe it himself. There was a slight pause.

"Well," said Ruth, impatiently, "why don't you speak?"

"Speak!" echoed Mr. Ahrenfeldt, looking up, obliquely. "What would you have me say?"

"Anything—I am waiting to hear you."

"Are you?" he added, still continuing to write. "It is rather remarkable that I should have been doing the same thing for you. Suppose we both speak at once?"

Ruth turned away indignantly.

"You are trifling with me!" she exclaimed;

"I was wrong to have allowed myself to be concerned in what you said. I should have foreseen—"

But with an exclamation she broke off abruptly. As she moved away she had caught a full view of the characters her companion was graving in the sand. It was simply one name—his own; written over and over again, sometimes accompanied with delicate feminine embellishments, sometimes standing boldly and distinctly alone.

"Oh, that name, that name!" cried Ruth, suddenly enlightened. "How stupid, that the similarity did not strike me before! Sonora's adopted mother is an Ahrenfeldt!"

"And is this the first time that the idea has occurred to you?" he inquired, giving a grand flourish to his last signature; "is it possible that you and I have been living in this wretched den more than a whole week together, without having the most remote suspicion of the sort of connection existing between us?"

"I confess I do not see the connection even now."

"There is note, excepting that your sister, by birth, is mine by adoption. That is all."

"Then," said Ruth, with a sense of relief at having penetrated the mystery, "you must be the little Fred with whom, when Sonora and I corresponded, she used to write she was constantly in warfare."

"Not at all. I have only the honor to be the combative Mr. Fred's elder brother, at your service."

"Brother! Then you are the one who went abroad? I remember there were two Messrs. Ahrenfeldt. I do not think I have ever heard your name mentioned."

"Possibly not," he rejoined, carelessly, and with that indefinable, intuitive sense of shame burning again in her breast.

"I had forgotten," she said, reddening, and a silence ensued for some moments.

"Will you not sit down now?" at length asked Mr. Ahrenfeldt.

"Will you not sit down now, sister Ruth?"

She colored, and with a gesture of impatience declined the proffered seat.

"So," he said, "you will not be my sister?"

"No," said Ruth, fearlessly, "I will not

have the title descended in that way. It should be sacred always. Besides, I cannot but recall how, not long ago, in the very same tone in which you used that word 'sister,' you dominated me as handsome fiend. You must excuse my candor, but, notwithstanding this discovery, I am not, if I shall ever be, prepared to receive or acknowledge you as a friend. I tell you frankly, that I do not like you, worse, I think of the world as was Philip Ahrenfeldt. He was indeed both annoyed and confused in the presence of this simple-minded country girl.

"I am very sorry," he began, "I regret my words to you the other day, more than I can well express; I did not know the true facts of that disputed affair, until a little while ago, after a conversation with Spitfire. You must have thought me basely ungrateful."

"I did," said Ruth, frigidly, "but it was an ingratitude I easily pardoned, when I remembered your unconsciousness of the circumstances."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Can you and will you pardon such vehemence, such ungroomedness, such—"

"Certainly," said Ruth, readily but coldly, "I had almost forgotten everything about it."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt raised his eyes suddenly, and looked at her curiously. Ruth's self-possession began to grow visibly less.

"You are mistaken," she remarked, still gazing at her face, "you have not forgotten it in the most remote degree."

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"No," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, coolly, "do not believe it." Ruth never will forget that day. Remember, this is my prophecy."

"And pry," demanded Ruth, suddenly, "what is this?"

"Good," he said, "pray, what are you, that your prophecies should be anything to me?"

"Wait a moment, I have an explanation to render. You have apologized to me. Otherwise, you should never have heard what I am about to say. That money—that bill?"

"My dear Miss Hallowell," he said, facing her at once, "I beg you will not mention anything connected with that horrid business of the letter. If the money is lost, it can be replaced. There is plenty more where that came from. All you can say on the subject will, I assure you, be quite unnecessary, because my sense of your entire integrity could not be established on a firm foundation than it is. I have faith, perfect, implicit faith in you as regards this affair. Whatever you have done, I am convinced you did under a conviction of duty. From the hour when you commanded me to leave this room, and boldly affirmed the dignity of your position as a woman, I felt that I had wronged you even by a suspicion. Since my talk with Spitfire I have become sure of it."

"You did wrong me," said Ruth, eagerly, her lips quivering with emotion she found difficult to repress, "and I am thankful you have ceased to harbor the idea. Still, that does not render my personal expiation less imperative. As I unfolded your letter, the bill, unnoticed by Spitfire, rolled down on the sand, and afterwards she did not give me time or opportunity to pick it up. I should not have opened the letter only that otherwise, I would never have reached you at all. Are you satisfied?"

"I prefer standing."

"Indeed! That is a singular preference. You will excuse me if I retain my own comfortable seat?" Well, now for the answer. However, let me inquire first if you have ever heard, by chance, perhaps, of one Sonora Hallowell?"

"Sonora?" cried Ruth, forgetting all irritation in her great surprise; "tell me what you know of her—Sonora is my sister!"

"So I have already conjectured; in fact, this morning I was certain of it."

"Have you seen her? do you know her? Tell me about her!—how strange, how very very singular?"

"Very singular," replied Mr. Ahrenfeldt, calmly picking up a stick and writing on the sandy floor; "very singular, indeed!"

Ruth had advanced close beside him, but in her excitement she became totally oblivious of the proximity. Her companion was evidently too much interested in his new occupation to observe it himself. There was a slight pause.

"Well," said Ruth, impatiently, "why don't you speak?"

"Speak!" echoed Mr. Ahrenfeldt, looking up, obliquely. "What would you have me say?"

"Anything—I am waiting to hear you."

"Are you?" he added, still continuing to write. "It is rather remarkable that I should have been doing the same thing for you. Suppose we both speak at once?"

Ruth turned away indignantly.

"You are trifling with me!" she exclaimed;

"I was wrong to have allowed myself to be concerned in what you said. I should have foreseen—"

But with an exclamation she broke off abruptly. As she moved away she had caught a full view of the characters her companion was graving in the sand. It was simply one name—his own; written over and over again, sometimes accompanied with delicate feminine embellishments, sometimes standing boldly and distinctly alone.

"Oh, that name, that name!" cried Ruth, suddenly enlightened. "How stupid, that the similarity did not strike me before! Sonora's adopted mother is an Ahrenfeldt!"

"And is this the first time that the idea has occurred to you?" he inquired, giving a grand flourish to his last signature; "is it possible that you and I have been living in this wretched den more than a whole week together, without having the most remote suspicion of the sort of connection existing between us?"

"I confess I do not see the connection even now."

"There is note, excepting that your sister, by birth, is mine by adoption. That is all."

"Then," said Ruth, with a sense of relief at having penetrated the mystery, "you must be the little Fred with whom, when Sonora and I corresponded, she used to write she was constantly in warfare."

"Not at all. I have only the honor to be the combative Mr. Fred's elder brother, at your service."

"Brother! Then you are the one who went abroad? I remember there were two Messrs. Ahrenfeldt. I do not think I have ever heard your name mentioned."

"Possibly not," he rejoined, carelessly, and with that indefinable, intuitive sense of shame burning again in her breast.

"I had forgotten," she said, reddening, and a silence ensued for some moments.

"Will you not sit down now?" at length asked Mr. Ahrenfeldt.

"Will you not sit down now, sister Ruth?"

She colored, and with a gesture of impatience declined the proffered seat.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly
for it, and it alone. It is not a mere
Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is \$2 a year in ad-
sures—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single
number.The POST is believed to have a larger country circula-
tion than any other Literary Weekly in the Union with-
out exception.

The POST will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Book numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsmen. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being—"First come, first served."

RECEIVED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot de-
vote time to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of it.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the only limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising column.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of ENGLAND.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, THE AUTHOR OF "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," THE AUTHOR OF "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following series, which will be illustrated weekly with APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS.—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novel, by the Author of "My Con-
fession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in
due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The
Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novels, we design containing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "Lights of the City," "Meditations," "To Matilda,"

VIOLA VANE, respectfully declined.

LOCUTUS TENE: Any time after the frost takes the leaves off in the fall, and as early in the spring as the frost will permit, is the time for planting locust trees.

THE BRITISH IN INDIA.

One of the really serious events of the day—which the latest steamer brings us the minute details—in the tremendous revolt of the native troops and people in India. So broad and serious is this insurrection, that the British Government has finished the work which the sepoys began, by disbanding the remaining twenty of the mutinous seventy six regiments, so that the Bengal army is now dissolved. Everywhere throughout India the feeling of the natives against the British is desperate and deep. The power of the British Government in that country is trembling to its foundations. Whether the popular earthquake will resume its thrones, and throw down that colossal structure of misrule and oppression, cemented together with the blood of Hindostan, is yet to be seen. The final result of this wild and fierce fermentation of native feeling, is not to be foretold; but the matter looks very serious, and the omens are against Great Britain.

The explanation of the insurrection, as given by the English journals, is, briefly, that the natives became in some way possessed with the idea that their religion was to be interfered with, and consequently rose in rebellion. But when we consider the character of the British policy in India, and the practices of the British officials in that country from their first year of occupation, we need be at little pains to divine that the real cause for the rebellion may be found in that feeling of intense, burning desperation and hatred which long years of insolent oppression must have engendered in the people of Hindostan, and which any trivial circumstance might at any time call into action. This feeling has undoubtedly been aggravated by a state of circumstances recently described in Parliament by Lord John Russell and others, which may be briefly stated as follows. In former times both civil and military officers went to India with the understanding that they were to spend their life-time, so to speak, in that country, and they therefore accustomed themselves to consider it as their permanent home, and became in a great degree infatuated with the character and conditions of its society and life, and also in a great measure practically identified therewith, and assimilated thereto. Hence they were, in some sort, regarded as natives, and not aliens, and the consequences of their residence and rule were only the ordinary consequences of any ordinary tyranny. But of late years, it seems that the government has sent men to India—true snobs—who have only remained in the country for a certain season, or who have oscillated between India and England, and who have been at great pains to show the natives that they are not at all related to them either in blood, sentiment, or interest, and have also been accustomed to treat them with all manner of insolence and ignominy. Hence the native soldiery, constantly insulted and outraged by these supercilious scamps, and constantly cherishing in their hearts a sullen and sultry rage, have long been in a good condition for open rebellion. The intensity of their hatred for their officers, as well as for all other Europeans, may be judged by the vigor and ferocity of the massacre they perpetrated at Delhi and other places, as well as by their present implacable resistance.

It may be that we shall soon hear of the complete suppression of the revolt by the English

authorities, and the thorough reinstatement of the British power in India. It is possible, too, that this is but the beginning of a movement by which India will be lost to Great Britain. We hope it is. We have always done the British Government and people justice, and while we speak frankly of their faults, we speak as frankly of their merits and are their well-wishers and friends. We cannot wish them well in a better way than by wishing they may lose India as they lost America. True—it would be a serious pecuniary loss to them; it would be another transient commercial injury to other nations, America included, who have interests there. But it might possibly teach them, as well as other nations, that the everlasting law of justice is not to be violated with impunity. We say, possibly, for we know that nations are too apt to profit by the lessons of their experience. But there is always a chance that the latest warning may be taken to heart; and if Britain learned little when she lost her American colonies, she might learn more by the loss of her possessions in the East.

The conduct of the British Government towards India constitutes no ordinary violation of right. The British supremacy in that country is bottomed on the most mean and monstrous wrong that ever suffused the history of nations. We have had occasion to speak heretofore, sternly and strongly, of the character of Rome. But Rome invaded and subjugated the world for a sentiment—that sentiment the military greatness and national glory of the Roman State—the passion and the pride of domination. Her national existence was a constant crime, but the crime was not devoid of an infernal grandeur. The subjugation of India by the British power was, on the contrary, robbery for the low lust of gain. It was the pedlar of Liverpool and Manchester—with his pack of cottons and calicoes on his back, and his Bible in his pocket—putting a pistol to the ear of the victim on whose neck he has his heavy load, and saying, "Give me all you've got, buy everything I have, and serve my interests henceforth on my own terms, or I'll blow your brains out." That is Great Britain's figure and attitude and speech the wide world over, and they were the same in India as elsewhere. Her subjugation of that country was shameless public robbery and murder for commercial ends, with that superadded accumulation of subsequent tyranny, cruelty, insolence, and various viciousness on which Edmund Burke left an indelible brand, in his philippic against Warren Hastings. To think that such a crime as this could go unpunished, would be to doubt the justice of God.

We do not desire Great Britain's downfall. On the contrary, we desire her long and prosperous duration, and it is because we desire this, that we wish some such calamity as the loss of her East Indian possessions, might befall her, hoping that she might then learn that honesty is the only policy, and hoping also, that other nations might profit by her example. There is too much theft in this world—to much domination of the strong over the weak—to much crushing out and putting down both by the cruel hand and the crafty brain. Twice blessed should then be any national calamity or disaster, which would instruct men that only they who win by justice and generosity win truly—that the sure result of every other conquest, is insurrection and ruin—red, violent, overwhelming insurrection and ruin! Little would the thoughtful man reek any national loss consequent upon a national injustice, if thereby mankind could learn that mutual regard for all human rights and interests is the only means by which the prosperity and happiness of any people, or of the race, can be secured.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

It is curious to notice how often trifles become of great importance in the estimation of even serious men—that is, men with whom life is not a child's game, but a tug and struggle. During the past week we have read the gravest and most interested editorials in the various papers, and we have seen the faces of the public grow thoughtful and anxious—about what? Deep, sincere, widely-spread fear has been awakened—brows have grown sober and eyes speculative, far and near—and about what? Why, simply, about the result of a horse-race in England. What an incident to engage the attention of this reputedly earnest, ambitious, toiling, striving, conquering people! This horse-race has been actually one of those things which Lord Bacon says "come home to men's business and bosoms." Strange enough, when we think of it, but also true. By some odd jugglery of thinking, our people arrived at the conclusion that the race between the European and American horses for the Goodwood cup, was a race between Europe and America—that the accidental fleetness of the animals was intimately connected with the national eminence and renown, by no means accidental, of the several nations, and that, in fact, the contest was not between the horses, but the countries. What a blunder! The exultation at the result of the regatta in which the yacht America so signalized, was natural and sensible, for the success was a palpable proof of the superior genius of American shipwrights, and in that contest, we owed the victory to the work of our own hands—but our horses are not the work of our own hands—are they? We can build wood and hemp and canvas into a beautiful miracle of naval architecture, and give it the strength and speed that make our clippers the talk of Christendom, but can we build a horse, and give him Flemish vigor and Arabian fleetness? Not at all. Some savage Barber or Bedouin might ride into our race-course on his wild, proud, snorting stallion, and flash past our swiftest steeds; but would that redound so much to the credit of Morocco or the Desert, and prove either of them superior in any way to Christendom? On the whole, must not the only fair international contest for the crown and palm, be a contest between our men and not our animals?

But the race is over, the Goodwood cup is lost and won, and the eager eyes which have been so long strained across the wide Atlantic, earnestly watching the operations of that very distinguished, Knickerbocker-named, American gentleman, Mr. Ten Broeck, under whose auspices the American horses, Pryor and Priores, ran their course,—have now relinquished their outlook, and are clouded with pique or pensiveness with disappointment. For Pryor and Priores have been beaten—whether fairly or foully,

nobody definitely knows. All that is known is that the American horses were immensely distanced, and the consideration which at present galls the American mind is that we are down, and that John Bull is dilatorily dancing over us. We are not sure but that there will be a war in consequence of this state of affairs. We judge by the gloomy faces and ominous voices with which people interchange their reflections on the result of the match, that the national honor is in some way terribly tarnished by the defeat of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses, and that blood alone can wipe out the injury. But we sincerely hope not.

There is really something very small and frivolous in all this poster about a mere horse-race. Is there not something sad, too, in the spectacle of this intense public interest in such a trivial matter? Thinking deeply of it, is it a cheerful reflection, and does it make the prospect of the Good Time Coming seem bright and near, that so many people are tranquil and torpid over the great questions and eternal interests of the individual soul, the community, the nation and the world, and alert and alive only when Mrs. Cunningham's laboring husband of fraud brings forth its fat mule, or the burly bruiser beat each other skillfully in Canada, or French horses run with English and American horses in England? This temporary interest in temporary and petty affairs conjoined to this supreme apathy regarding the problems of Time and Life—is it cheering?

"America," says one of the paper, "was represented abroad by horses which were not the best we have!" America was represented abroad by horses—was she? Ah, well; it is fortunate. America is so often represented at home and abroad by a different kind of animal.

INFORMATION WANTED.—If any person can give any information to the Danish Minister, in Philadelphia, about James Augustus Keill, a Printer, it will be kindly received by his brother, C. Keill, of Booneville, Missouri.

A pretty idea is evolved in the following pair of poetic similes:

Cupid near a cradle creeping,
Saw an infant gently sleeping;
The rose that blushed upon its cheek,
Seemed a birth divine to speak.To ascertain if art or heaven,
To mortals this fair form had given.
He, the little urchin simple,
Touched its cheek and left a dimple.

Most men seem to consider their school learning as if it were like a tadpole's tail, meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.

Insults, says a modern philosopher, are like counterfeit money; we can't hinder them being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.

BOTH HANDLES.—A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before, or "Esq." after the names of each of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them, to such will pay twenty-five cents extra, or add both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra.

THE BEARER PERPLEXED.

Twist the two to determine—

Watch and pray," says the text,
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

"Squatter sovereignty," the entrance of six full dressed ladies in a large omnibus, and taking exclusive possession thereof, while eighteen spare gentlemen are forcibly excluded.

A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

The Syracuse Journal perverts the following upon the marriage, at Rochester, of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:—

This case is the strangest
We're known in our life;
The husband's a Husband,
And so is his wife!

THE THING THAT SHOULD BIND THE TWO NATIONS TOGETHER.—Frederick Peet, when he was taken to the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company's Office, and saw the miles upon miles of iron-wire cable, shook his head most ominously, and a tear was observed to steal into his manly eye, as he said in a tone of the deepest despondency: "Ah! ah! a sad mistake—it should have been Red Tape!"

They that had moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of Religion, my Duty towards God, and my duty towards Man. What care I to see a man run after a serpent, if he cozena and cheats as well as he comes home.—Seldest.

Soon after the publication of Miss Burley's novel of Cecilia, a young lady was found dead in it. After the general topics of praise were exhausted, she was asked whether she did not greatly admire the style. Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style? the style?—oh, sir, I have not come to that yet!"

A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, France, says, "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants built entirely of brick!" This is equalled only by a known description of Albany, which runs thus:—Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants with most of their gable ends to the street!"

Tax voice is heard through rolling drums
That beats to battle where he stands;
Thy face across thy fancy comes,
And gives to battle its hands.One moment while the trumpets blow
He sees his broad about thy knee;The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.Guard well, oh, heir of eternity, the portal of sin—the thought! From the thought to the deed, the subtler thy brain, and the bolder thy courage, the briefer and straighter is the way. Dost thou count on a death for accession to gold, or a crown to a passion? Thy thought is at war with a life, though thy hand may shrink back from its murder.—*Bulwer.*

EFFECT OF WAR ON PRICES.—During a siege, a water carrier was crying his water through the town—"Six sous a gallon! six sous a gallon!" By and by a bomb shell carried off one of his barrels, whereupon, without moving a muscle of his face, he continued—"twelve sous a gallon!"

HOW TO MAKE AN ARISTOCRAT.—REV. E. H. Chapin tells us—"Take a plebeian rascal, and half a million of dollars, and let them sinfully be a contest between our men and not our animals?

These instructions being duly listened to, and everybody promising to do his and her best to

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 30th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Such heat as is now pouring down on Paris,—white and glittering under the infliction of the glowing sky above us—has not been known here for many a long year. All who can afford it are off to the country; those who are prevented by their occupations from leaving the city, darken their rooms, lighten their clothing, and take as little exercise and as much ice-cream as they can. In Spain the heat is something more than that of the Tuilleries. Here they are passed on from lacquey to lacquey, the officials growing in grandeur and diminishing in livery as they approach the reception room. Everything is, of course, as magnificent as satin and gold can make it; and the party would like to begin a little examination of the room, did time permit. But the Minister has not much more than time to marshall his *protégés* into two semi-circular groups, one of gentlemen, at the extremity of which he places himself, the other of ladies, with whom Mrs. Mason takes up her position. The English, Prussian, Belgian, Saxon and Turkish Ministers are also present, each presiding over a squad of his own peculiar people arranged in similar groups. These dignitaries have exchanged salutations between themselves on first finding themselves together; and all now await the appearance of their Majesties.

A ROYAL INTERVIEW.

In the course of a few minutes a stir takes place in the ante-room, and the Emperor and Empress are seen approaching, side by side. The Emperor is dressed as a private gentleman; the Empress is in a dress of grey silk, covered with rich black lace, and wearing that most graceful of all coverings for the head and shoulders, a Spanish mantilla of the same lace. Seeing that the reception-room is unusually crowded, the pair walk on past the door, and disappear for a moment, after which they again appear, their appearance walking side by side only, instead of arm-in-arm; a mode of locomotion not possible where such a circumference of steel is adopted. "As they entered the room," continued my friend, "the Emperor gave a bow and a few words to each, and then went on to the next group, until he had spoken to all, ladies as well as gentlemen. The Imperial couple should have made their appearance walking side by side, and the Emperor approached it, the Belgian Minister went forward to meet him, was shaken hands with him, and then presented each person in his group, naming him to the Emperor as he passed on. The Emperor gave a bow and a few words to each, and then moved forward on one side, the Empress on the other. The Belgian group stood nearest the door, and as the Emperor approached it, the Belgian Minister went forward to meet him, was shaken hands with him, and then presented each person in his group, naming him to the Emperor as he passed on. The Emperor gave a bow and a few words to each, and then moved forward on one side, the Empress on the other. The Belgian group stood nearest the door, and as the Emperor approached it, the Belgian Minister went forward to meet him, was shaken hands with him, and then presented each person in his group, naming him to the Emperor as he passed on. 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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF M. ARAGO.

An autobiography of the late Francis Arago, the celebrated French philosopher, narrates some entertaining incidents which occurred to the illustrious seer. The following happened when he was a young man, and while he was engaged in a scientific survey among the mountains of Catalonia, in Spain:

"One day, as recreation, I thought I could go, with a fellow-countryman, to the fair at Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, which they told me was very curious. I met in the town the daughter of a Frenchman resident at Valencia, Madlle B——. All the hotels were crowded; Madlle. B—— invited us to take some refreshments at her grandmother's; we accepted; but on leaving the house she informed us that our visit had not been to the taste of her betrothed, and that we must be prepared for some sort of attack on his part; we went directly to an armorer's, bought some pistols, and commenced our return to Valencia."

"On our way, I said to the caladero (driver,) a man whom I had employed for a long time, and who was much devoted to me:

"'Idiro, I have some reason to believe that we shall be stopped; I warn you of it, so that you may not be surprised at the shots which will be fired from the calero's (vehicle.)'

"Idiro, seated on the shaft, according to the custom of the country, answered:

"'Your pistols are completely useless, gentlemen; leave me to act; one cry will be enough; my mule will dismember us of two, three, or even four men.'

Scarcely one minute had elapsed after the calero had pronounced these words, when two men presented themselves before the mule and seized her by the nostrils. At the same instant a formidable cry, which will never be effaced from my remembrance—the cry of *Cápitana!*—was uttered by Idiro. The mule reared up almost vertically, raising up one of the men, came down again, and set off at a rapid gallop. The jolt which the carriage made led us to understand too well what had just occurred. A long silence succeeded this event; it was only interrupted by these words of the calero: 'Do you not think, gentlemen, that my mule is worth more than any pistol?'

The next day the Captain-General, Don Domingo Izquierdo, related to me that a man had been found crushed on the road to Murviedro. I gave him an account of the prowess of Idiro's mule, and no more was said."

In the following extract he gives an account of his presentation to Napoleon I., after being elected a member of the Academy of Sciences:

"The members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the Presidents, with the Secretaries of the four classes, and with the Academicians who had special publications to offer to the Chief of the State, they assembled in one of the salons of the Tuilleries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these savans, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform. I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure on seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be themselves noticed.

"'You are very young,' said Napoleon to me, on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added, 'What is your name?' And my neighbor on the right, not leaving me time to answer the certainly simple enough question, just addressed to me, hastened to say—

"'His name is Arago.'

"'What science do you cultivate?'

"My neighbor on the left immediately replied—

"'He cultivates astronomy.'

"'What have you done?'

"My neighbor on the right, jealous of my left hand neighbor for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said—

"'He has just been measuring the arc of the meridian in Spain.'

"The Emperor, imagining, doubtless, that he had before him either a dumb or an imbecile man, passed on to another member of the Institute. This one was not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarck. The old man presented a book to Napoleon. 'What is that?' said the latter; 'it is your absurd meteorology, in which you rival Matthieu Laenzenberg. It is this "annuaire," which distinguishes your old age. Do something in Natural History, and I shall receive your productions with pleasure.' As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hairs. Here! and he passed the book to an aid-de-camp. Poor M. Lamarck, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, 'It is a work on Natural History, which I present to you,' was weak enough to fall into tears.

"The Emperor immediately afterwards met with a more energetic antagonist, in the person of M. Lanjouain. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said to him, sneeringly: 'The entire Senate, then, will have to give place to the Institute?' 'Sire,' replied Lanjouain, 'it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature.' The Emperor, disengaged at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and buried himself among the great epaulettes which filled the room."

HATCHING MACHINES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—Sir John Mandeville, an Englishman, and great eastern traveller of the fourteenth century, in a very entertaining account of his travels, has the following. He is giving a description of Cairo: "And there is a common house in that city, which is all full of small furnaces, to which the towns-women bring their eggs of hens, geese, and ducks, to be put into the furnaces; and they that keep that house, cover them with horse-dung, without hen, goose, or duck, or any fowl; at the end of three weeks or a month they come again, and take their chickens, and nourish them and bring them forth, so that all the country is full of them. And this they do both winter and summer."

THE POET BERANGER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We give this week a portrait of the famous French poet, Beranger, whose recent death has been already announced to our readers. He was at once a great poet and a great man. As a song-writer he has never been equalled—not even by Robert Burns. His name was always a word of power in France. His lyrics were sung by the people, and were always forthcoming whenever a word was wanted in defiance of the contemporary tyranny, in praise of France, or in support of the good cause. From his earliest youth he was identified with the conflict of democracy against aristocracy, under all dynasties he was the same. Beranger—Tennyson's ideal of a poet—

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

Though he was proud of the glory Napoleon had shed over France, still his patriotic eye was not blind to the Emperor's tyranny; and the powerful though good-humored satire of "Le Roi d'Yvetot," made the puissant conqueror wince upon his throne. The restoration of the Bourbons was considered by Beranger a degradation to his country; and his pen never spared that family, or the obsequious and unwise statesmen of the *sacré régime* who learned nothing from adversity. The governments both of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. endeavored to silence him by bribery; but he preferred his honorable and independent poverty to the profitable baseness which they offered him. His song entitled "Le sacre de Charles le Simple," was particularly obnoxious to the Ministry of Charles X., which determined to prosecute him for sedition and impiety. The result of the trial was as might have been anticipated. The poet was condemned to two years' imprisonment in the dungeons of St. Polagle, and to pay a fine of 10,000 francs. But his imperturbable philosophy resolved to make the best even of this, and his friends, (for by this time he had many,) formed the same resolution, and they raised a subscription to pay the fine imposed upon him. His imprisonment was turned into an ovation. His table was provided with every delicacy which wealth could supply. The gentlemen sent him the choicest viands and the choicest wines; the ladies sent him flowers and fruit; and on the reception-days, permitted by the authorities of the prison, people of all classes paid their respects to him till his dungeon was as gay and brilliant as a royal's palace at a *tearé*.

He died on Thursday, the 16th ult., at the ripe age of seventy-seven, in full possession of all his faculties, and was buried the next day at the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, under circumstances most unusual and remarkable, which show how great a power in the State was this writer of songs, and what an influence he exercised both in his life and in his death over the minds of his countrymen. For a powerful Emperor was obliged to call out a hundred thousand soldiers lest the peace of Paris might be disturbed as he passed to the grave amid the sympathies of a Republican and a revolutionary population. Never before was poet so feared or so honored.

The songs of Beranger are difficult to translate; all songs are, and more especially his—so terse, so elegant, so naïf, so national, and so idiomatic. The following—which is an imitation rather than a translation—may give the English reader some idea of the subject, the style, the treatment, and the philosophy of Beranger; but to know Beranger well, or to appreciate thoroughly the strength as well as the delicacy of his genius, he must be read in his own language:

TO MY COAT.

Though hardly worth one penny groat,
There's dear to me, my poor old coat;
For full ten years my friend he's been—
With both the glow of youth is gone;
And now, like me, there's old and wan;
With both the glow of youth is gone;
Dear girl, she did her best endeavor,
And patched them up as well as ever.
For her sweet sake, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part;
Poor coat.

I've not forgot the birthday eve
When first I donned thy glossy sleeve,
When joyful friends, in mantling wine,
Drank joy and health to me and mine.
Our indulgence let some despoil,
We're dear as ever in their eyes;
And for their sakes, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part;

Poor coat.

One evening, I remember yet,
I romped, fledged to fly Lise;
She strove her lover to retain,
And thy frail skirt was rent in twain.
Dear girl, she did her best endeavor,
And patched them up as well as ever.
For her sweet sake, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part;

Poor coat.

Never, my coat, hast thou been found
Bending thy shoulders to the ground,
From any upward "Lord" or "Grace,"
To beg a pension or a place.
Wild forest flowers—no Monarch's dole—
Adorn thy modest button-hole;
If but for that, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part;

Poor coat.

Foot though, we be, my good old friend,
No gold shall bribe our backs to bend;
Honest and timid pensioner;
We will be honest to the last;

For more I prize thy virtuous rage;

Than all the lace a courter bears;

And, while I live and have a heart,

Thou and the poet shall not part;

My coat.

All beautiful things dignify and enoble life.



THE POET BERANGER.

THE MOXA.

The operation of the Moxa is seldom or never undertaken on the American side of the water. Its first general publication to the world was through the pages of Sme's romance, where one of the characters, Rodin, undergoes the ordeal. The tranquil course of life in our German Home was for a time interrupted by this terrible operation in one of our households.

Among the five Americans who had gradually collected under the same roof was a young Bostonian, who had left his native city for foreign travel as a pulmonary invalid; the Boston physicians considering his difficulty of hopeless alleviation in that climate—if in any.

There lived in Frankfort at the time (and perhaps now) a physician of considerable celebrity, Hofrath Schott. The more timid and conservative of his profession were afraid of him, for he belonged to what may be called the Heroic school of medicine—a school which is generally successful in proportion to the amount of genius and professional nerve of the individual practitioner, added to that mysterious instinct, which we sometimes find in men.

The Bostonian was persuaded to an examination by Schott, who found one lung, as he expressed it, badly verdichtet, or clogged with disease, although as yet no tubercle had formed—he told us, however, that in a week or a fortnight this might intervene.

"It is not too late, then?" we said.

"By no means, if immediately taken in hand."

"And what do you propose?"

"The Moxa—rather severe, but effectual."

At that time the blessings of insensibility through ether or chloroform, although announced in America, had only been heard of in Europe. Physical pain, therefore, was still to be met with the eyes and consciousness wide open.

Schott came on the appointed day with an assistant. The patient lay on a sofa with his head averted to the wall, his breast being bared to the operators, one of whom holding his shoulders and another his feet. The blow-pipes were then produced, the flame of even one of which is sufficient to melt the obduracy of solid metal. Each operator took his blow-pipe and the concentrated intensity of two flames was directed through a tube dipped in saltpetre, to the side of the chest—opposite the seat of disease.

The flesh shrivelled up like tinder—and a circular spot, the size of a dollar, was quickly laid bare to the bone. The poor fellow bore his agony with the heroism of an Indian—he never whimpered.

An irritating salve was afterward daily applied to the wound. Diseased matter began to flow out, and soon the draught upon the lung itself could be distinctly felt, which organ gradually and perceptively cleared itself. The air cells opened again to the blessed, health-giving air of heaven; a deep breath could once more be drawn; the ominous pains in the back, the deadly night-sweat, the fatal cough ceased. These species of a seemingly inevitable destiny did not escape—conquered by fire.

Three months from that time was the season of grapes. The wound was allowed to close; the Moxa had done its work, and the fruit of the vine was to crown the cure. Father Rhine yielded us bushel baskets of the richest fruit. The grapes, for their better preservation, were hung upon cords in an upper room; eight pounds a day of them were prescribed for consumption, while other food, with the exception of bread and a few vegetables, was mostly proscribed. The Bostonian submitted to this second step in his cure with still greater heroism than to the first—he walked three times a day into the room, and, chary of the trouble of picking the grapes off, with elevated head he ate them from the vine like a fox. Health returned, and flesh and strength—permanently recovered.

Years have elapsed, and the Bostonian, who had been sentenced by his home-doctors—if not to Auburn Prison, to Mowat Auburn, a still secure prison house, and who, in six months, would doubtless have lain there, now walks the streets of London with his English wife and post-moxa family of children, as stalwart a John Bull as the best of them.

Thus do we see how unnecessarily oftentimes (humanly considered) do we die—there are people in the world who can save us. And I know of no consideration more desperately afflictive than this, when we see those passing away from us, without whom this world does not seem worth living in; the God-created skill existing to save them—yet we cannot command it.

A still more salient instance of rescue by Moxa, was another patient of Schott, a young Frankfort banker, who, in the apparently last stages of the disease, endured the Moxa to a much greater extent, and was also enabled to

leave continued foot-prints "on the sands of time."

The grape-cure, as an independent remedy in itself, is much in vogue on the Rhine. Bingen, nearly opposite Prince Metternich's Jahnswald, is much visited in the grape season by persons who live for a month chiefly on grapes.—R. S. Willis, in the N. Y. Musical World.

SORROWS.

I.
In spring or summer sleeps the Cid,
The child of sorrow;
What falls the storm, or storms are blown,
It feels no sorrow;
Calm on the teeming soil it lies,
Untrodden by the earth or skies—
Oh, happy Stone, devoid of sorrow!

II.
But oh! the delicate golden Harp,
A quivering thro';
Through all its wood one finger-warp
May weave shrill sorrow;—
It feels the ray of mortal man;
The breeze can jar it out of tune;
Oh, mournful Harp, that throbs to sorrow!

III.
But rather than the Stone, unwon
By night or morrow,
I'd be the Cid that bears the corn,
And suffers sorrow;
Or, better still, the Harp, whose strains
Have countless joys as well as pains—
Oh, passionate Harp of Joy and Sorrow.
CHARLES MACAY.

TAILED MEN.—The Rev. Mr. T. J. Bowen, who spent several years in the interior of Central Africa, as a Missionary of the Southern Baptist Board, makes the following reference to the subject in his recently published narrative. In speaking of Nasamu, the executioner of the King of Llorin (an interior city of at least 70,000 inhabitants), and others with whom he conversed, he says: "The Moors and Arabs, who had been everywhere, had told them wonderful stories of still other countries and tribes far off in the east. Somewhere on the other side of Yaosuba is a tribe of people called Alakare, none of whom are more than three feet in height. The chiefs are a little taller than the common people. The Alakare are very ingenious people, especially in working iron, and they are so industrious that their towns are surrounded by iron walls. Beyond them are a tribe called Alabiru, who have short, inflexible tails. As the stiffness of their tails prevents the Alabiru from sitting flat on the ground, every man carries a sharp-pointed stick, with which he drills a hole in the earth to receive his tail while sitting. They are industrious manufacturers of iron bars, which they sell to surrounding tribes. All the fine swords in Sudan are made of this iron. The next tribe in order are the Alabiwoe, who have a single goat-like horn projecting from the middle of their forehead. For all that, they are a nice kind of black people, and quite intelligent. A woman of this tribe is now in slavery at Offa, near Llorin. She always wears a handkerchief around her head, because she is ashamed of her hair. There are other people in this Doko region who have four eyes, and others who live entirely in subterranean caves. The wonders were attested by natives and Arabs."

DESTRUCTION OF TREES.—Most provoking, indeed, is the national tendency to the destruction of fine trees on the most frivolous pretences. A majestic elm will be cut down because the dripping from its bows moistens cheap shingles on some adjoining house; an oak which projects two feet into the road will be sacrificed rather than a dollar spent to widen the thoroughfare. Trees in a village must disappear, root and branch, rather than have a new street deviate from a straight line. The first care of the trees that do not stand in regular rows—and we are sometimes called on to admire the thrift which cuts down an orchard because birds get the cherries or boys steal the apples. A pioneer dame exulted in the removal of every tree from her hut—where "the sun could shine in nicely all day—looking so improvement-like;" and there are every day instances of Vandals not so excusable.—Rev. C. H. Brigham.

THE HISTORY OF PINS.—Pins, such as are now used, seem to have been unknown in England till about the middle of the fifteenth century. Previous to that time pins were made of ivory, box-wood, and a few of silver, and they were necessarily of large size. Brooches and hooks-and-eyes were much employed for holding together the parts of the dress.

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GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have seen, within the last few days, several very pretty bonnets, some of which present sufficient novelty to require especial mention. A bonnet of French chip is trimmed with a demit-wreath formed of small tufts of pale blue muskrat feathers. This wreath first ornaments the outside, and is then brought to intermingle with the blonde composing the under trimming. The curtain consists of upright strips of French chip disposed alternately with bouillonnées of blonde, and the strings are composed of broad white ribbon shaded with blue. Many of the new white straw bonnets are figured with black and colored velvet, worked on the straw. We have seen one ornamented with sprigs in brown velvet. Four small ostrich feathers, white variegated with brown, fixed on the upper part of the bonnet, drop two by two on each side. At the edge of the brim there is a row of blonde, about two inches or two inches and a-half deep. The inside trimming consists of blonde with a bouquet of rose-buds on each side, and a small cord of the same flowers passing above the bands of hair. Strings of white ribbon striped with brown.

An elegant bonnet of French chip is trimmed across the top with a bouillonée of blonde. The curtain is formed of a bouillonée of blonde, edged with a strip of French chip. Three small white maraboutas, tipped with mallow color, are placed on each side, and rather far back, the ends drooping towards the curtain. In the inside small vine leaves and bunches of mallow color grapes are intermingled with the blonde trimming. The strings are composed of broad mallow color ribbon.

A Leghorn bonnet of a style at once novel and *distingué* is trimmed simply with two bouquets of small yellow flowers. These bouquets are placed one on each side of the bonnet, and

Wit and Humor.

ABOUT BEANS.

An important question was solved in the course of a legal investigation before a referee in this city on Saturday. Dignified and courteous lawyers were engaged, and an eminent legal functionary presided. Among other things the fact was brought out that the defendant had had some beans of the plaintiff; but how many was not known. A witness was on the stand to prove the quantity, if possible. So the plaintiff's counsel went to work to extract the proof, and the following dialogue took place:

Plaintiff's Counsel—"Well, sir, do you know whether the defendant had any beans of the plaintiff?"

Witness—"Yes, sir, he had some beans."

Counsel—"Well, sir, how many beans did he have?"

Witness—"Well, I should judge from what he said—"

Defendant's Counsel—"We object to your urging. What did he say?"

Witness—"I should judge from our conversation—"

Defendant's Counsel—"We don't want you to judge. We want you to tell what he said."

(Here a dispute arose between the opposing counsel, which lasted some minutes.)

Plaintiff's Counsel—"Well, how many beans did he say he had?"

Witness—"Judging from what he said, he had about a bushel and a-half!"

Defendant's Counsel (sharply)—"You have been told repeatedly that we did not want you to judge. We want you to tell what he said."

Witness—"Well, if you want to know exactly what he said, I can tell you."

Counsel—"Go on, then, and tell what he said."

Witness—"Well, he said he had beans enough to last a good while!"

This brought an explosion from the Court, attorneys, witnesses, and spectators. It settled the question that beans enough to last a good while" is a "bushel and a-half."—*Ouego-Paladium*.

AEGRODOTE OF O'CONNELL.—We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charlevoix. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him.—"I was once," he said, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years.—At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he always had managed to steal the fat cows? to which he gravely answered:—"Why, then, I'll tell you the whole secret of that, sir. Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honor. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter!" So," continued O'Connell, "I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

We spoke of the recent political meetings; and, alluding to a certain orator, I observed that when a speaker averred with much earnestness that his speech was unpremeditated, I never felt inclined to believe him. Mr. O'Connell laughed. "I remember," said he, "a young barrister named B— once came to consult me on a case in which he was retained, and begged my permission to read for me the draft of a speech he intended to deliver at the trial, which was to come on in about a fortnight. I assented; whereupon he began to read: 'Gentlemen of the jury, I pledge you my honor as a gentleman, that I did not know until this moment I should have to address you in this case.' 'Oh, that's enough!' cried I; 'consult somebody else—that specimen is quite enough for me!'"—*Cor. New York Tablet*.

JERROLDIANA.—"That tune," said somebody in the company once, "always carries me away with it!" "Will nobody whistle it?" said Jerrold, instantly.

The late Mrs. Glover, at another time, was complaining that her hair turned gray, and attributed it to her using essence of lavender.—"Nay, my dear lady, essence of thyme," (time) was his remark.

"Call that a kind man!" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance—a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!" "Unmitting kindness," Jerrold chuckled.

Once a man was rather bering the people assembled, by asking them to guess what he had had for dinner. At last he said, "I shot the hare by accident."

"By accident!" remarked Captain O'Halloran.

"I was firing at a bush, and the beast ran across my aim, all of his own accord."

"The gamekeeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Och! don't put faith in what that man says," said Tim Ryan, "when he never cares about speaking the truth any how. He could tell the other day, yer lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!"

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Viscount Kiliskiderry, "indeed, and what did you say?"

"Please your lordship, I said your lordship was."

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"For so have I heard that all the noises and prating of the pool—the croaking of frogs and toads, is hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon them the light of a candle or torch."

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GONE IN STRONG.—The Bangor Whig mentions a case of getting married, where the bridegroom came down to Bangor from Carmel and purchased a pair of white silk gloves and two gallons of New England Rum to celebrate the nuptial ceremonies.



SEA-SHORE SCENE.

The course of true love never yet ran smooth! Here's poor Young Wiggles anxious to meet the being he adores, but cannot do so, because the newly-pitched boat upon which he has been sitting, has caught him Alive O!

Agricultural.

PECULIARITY OF FORM CONTRACTED FEET.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

AS I before stated, the great mistakes persons make as regards contracted feet, arises from their not attributing their existence to the right cause. To reason by analogy, we see a man walking apparently in great pain, arising from gout, or some other painful affection of the feet. We might be tempted to attribute this to the tightness of the shoe pressing on the foot; but may possibly be the case, if he has inadvertently put on a pair too tight for him; but the narrowness of the shoe is not the origin of the disease, nor has it brought it on; to show the validity of this remark, take off the tight shoe, and will of course walk with more ease; but substitute an easy pair of list slippers, he would still be a cripple. So it is with the horse: could we enlarge the crust of the foot till the internal part of it would be like a cricket-ball in a hat, the horse would still be lame. In one respect I admit my analogy of the gouty man in tight shoes fails to represent the horse with contracted feet: the shoe worn by the man might be perchance abundantly too small for the ailing foot, not being a part of it; but the crust of the horse's feet only follows the shrinking of the internal part, consequently we have no reason to suppose they press more on it than when the whole foot was in its original form. I should say, in either case the rational mode of proceeding would be to cure or palliate the gout in the man, and do the same by whatever disease affects the internal part of the horse's foot; we will both then in time go comparatively sound, if not quite so.

To the same mistakes as regards the origin of contracted foot may be attributed the various impotent contrivances for curing them. You would not now see Mr. Field, or any other veterinary surgeon of eminence, cutting nearly through the wall of the foot perpendicularly if it would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young cætachumens boldly replied, "Jimmel, your honor." This reminds us of the story of the bewildered little Dutch boy, who, when first introduced to an English school, heard one of his playmates called up, and questioned. "Well, little boy, what's your name?" was interrogated of number two. "Sam," quizzed the urchin. "Oh, dear, no! it is Samuel. Sit down, Samuel. And now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow," said he, turning to the third. With a grin of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young cætachumens boldly replied, "Jimmel, your honor." This reminds us of the story of the bewildered little Dutch boy, who, when first introduced to an English school, heard one of his playmates called up, and questioned. "Well, little boy, what's your name?" was interrogated of number two. "Sam," quizzed the urchin. "Oh, dear, no! it is Samuel. Sit down, Samuel. And now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow," said he, turning to the third. With a grin of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young cætachumens boldly replied, "Jimmel, your honor."

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"Well, then, spell it." "Great A, little a, r-o-n." This was satisfactory, and another was handed up. "What's your name?" "Lloyd." "Spell it." "Great L, little l, o-y-d." Lloyd's turn now came, and, on being questioned, admitted that his name was "Hans." "Well, sonny, spell it." With all the confidence of truth, little Hans, with a strong accent, began—"Great Hans, little Hans—". And here he broke down. Whether he ever got up again appears not in history.

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APPLE-TREE BORER.

There is no doubt that the apple-tree borer has become widely spread through several States, and that many have their orchards infested with it, who do not at all suspect its presence, who never saw it, and indeed who may not know that such a depredator exists. Its inconspicuous appearance leads to this oversight.

The perfect insect or beetle varies from five-eighths to three-fourths of an inch in length, the males being smaller and more slender. It is covered with a fine whitish down, and has three brownish stripes. These insects deposit their eggs in the bark of the tree, near the surface of the earth, in the early part of summer, and only by night, when they are numerous, they often lay their eggs higher up, and in the forks of the larger branches. To prevent laying their eggs, soft soap deposited in the forks and rubbed about the bottom, has been found efficacious. Dousing applied a mixture of tobacco water, sulphur and soap, with success; but Dr. Fitch thinks all its virtues lie in the soap. When the eggs hatch, they produce a small maggot, whitish, with a yellowish head. It eats into the bark and discolors it for a small distance around, and if the dry outer bark is scraped off, at the end of summer or first of autumn, these dark spots will show where they are commencing their depredations, and now is the time to kill them most easily, which may be done at this stage by washing the scraped bark with strong bay.

At a latter stage they cut into the sap wood, and throw out their saw dust, when they may be punched to death with a small twig. Still later, and when larger, they go into the heart wood, and now for the first, pack their sawdust excrements into the hole after them, rendering it more difficult to reach them. Hence the importance of taking them early.

We would recommend every orchardist to look closely to his trees at all times—to coat with soft soap early in summer—to scrape the outer bark later in summer, for the dark spots, if he has any reason to fear their presence, to kill the young maggots at once. If left later, their presence is shown by the sawdust appearing around their holes in the dark, when they must be cut out with a knife, or punched to death. At any stage the knife may be freely used to cut them out, for wounds by cutting are better than death by the borer. At all times exercise watchfulness and vigilance, and be satisfied with nothing short of actually killing the insect.—*Country Gentleman.*

HORSES AND MULES.—The breeding of horses is a subject of vast importance to our country, and improvements in stock are being made in isolated sections of country, but the great mass of farmers breed from good, bad and indifferent mares, and from stallions of a like character. So long as this state of things lasts comparatively few good horses will be raised, and these mostly in the hands of strictly horse-dealers, few of them remaining in the hands of farmers. Fancy combined with speed is all right in the regular horse breeder or amateur farmer, but the amount of money invested in such precarious property will effectively exclude them from general use. Could we have pony-made four hundred horses, we certainly would think them best; but very few such ever came to our knowledge, and now, in the absence of such, we take it upon our shoulders to recommend mules, as being the best and most profitable animal for farm use. Our reasons for this recommendation are—

First.—The draught power of the mule is equal to a good horse. I mean such mules as are being bred in many places.

Second.—The endurance of the mule is unquestionably much greater than that of the horse.

Third.—The expense of keeping is much less. It is well known that mules will labor on feed that a horse would scarcely live on without labor.

Fourth.—The mule is much less liable to sickness and premature death. In fact they are seldom sick.

Fifth.—They live to a great age, nearly, if not quite, double that of the horse.—*Correspondent of the Prairie Farmer.*

RATES OF INTEREST IN MINNESOTA AND ELSEWHERE.—The Sabbath evening meeting at the Methodist church is a famous resort for the young people including the girls. The church don't always take them all in, and some of the "boys" have to stand under the window outside. Old Deacon Das is an excellent man in his way. He is a money-lender, and has an excellent faculty of getting "offered big rates." Well, the old man was down for a prayer the other night. The brethren were putting in the tallest kind of "amen," and the old man getting on a powerful uncton, when, lifting up his voice like a western thunder, he roared out: "Oh, Lord, give me greater interest in heaven!" A young rascal outside, under the proudest of the moment, in reply, sung out at the very top of his voice: "Hold on, old man! You're in for five per cent. a month down here, and don't cry out for anything worse up there!" The deacon didn't rise any higher on that occasion.—*Corres. Portland Advertiser.*

RATES OF INTEREST IN ITALY.—*Written for the Saturday Evening Post.*

My first is a river, in Italy it's found;

My second